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## CONTRIBUTORS TO THE MAY-JUNE NUMBER

**HJALMAR BRANTING** has been, throughout the war, the open friend of western democracy, believing the ideals for which the Entente is fighting to be the same as his own. At the beginning of the spring drive he published in *Social-Demokraten* a fervent prayer that Prussian militarism might be again defeated as it was at the Marne. Branting was born in Stockholm in 1860, a member of the intellectual class. He entered the Social-Democratic ranks by way of journalism and, in 1908, was sent to the Riksdag on the Liberal ticket, the first Socialist to enter that body. He has made himself to a remarkable degree the personal leader of the democratic elements in Sweden.

**HENRIK WERGELAND** was in Norway the moving spirit of the struggle for freedom that shook Europe in the first half of the nineteenth century. He would have gone, like Byron, to fight in Greece if he had had the means, and wrote of England as the "sharp-beaked eagle rising from her foggy nest to aid the Greeks." A visit to Paris, in 1831, fired him with memories of the July revolution of the year before. Though Norway had already achieved political freedom, he set himself the task of liberating his countrymen intellectually and socially. His early death in 1845 cut short many schemes for the betterment of the common people. His occasional didactic vein appears in the verses, "Lowly Are All Thy Ways," while his pure poetic gift is shown in the scintillating fragment, "The Dream Genius Speaks." The translator, Illit Gröndahl, is a Norwegian man of letters living in London.

**RAGNA BERGLIOT ESKIL** is a young Western writer, an occasional contributor to the REVIEW.

**ALBERT ENGSTRÖM** is known as a cartoonist as well as a writer. He is the editor of the humorous paper *Strix* in Stockholm and the author of numerous volumes of stories and sketches. Charles Wharton Stork is a frequent contributor of verse translations.

**ARNE GARBORG**, though much younger than Björnson, Ibsen, and Lie, may be said to belong to the same literary constellation, and is the only one yet writing. He is less widely known, partly because he has chosen the *landsmaal* as a medium for many of his most characteristic works. Among these are the somber stories of religious life among the peasants and the long poem *Haugtussa*, from which we print two fragments. The translator is Miss Thora Grönvold, teacher of Norwegian and English in the high schools of Faribault, Minnesota.

**OLIVER A. LINDER** is himself a popular writer on Swedish life in America. A collection of short stories and poems by him was published under the title *I Västerland* as the first volume in the series of Swedish-American literature inaugurated by the Augustana Book Concern. Mr. Linder has been in newspaper work for more than thirty years and, as editor of *Svenska Amerikanaren* in Chicago, is one of the foreign-language editors who render America loyal service by interpreting her ideals to those newly arrived.



DR. MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN AND HIS GRANDSON, MASTER FRANCIS O'REILLY

OUR AMERICAN MINISTER TO DENMARK CONTRIBUTES TO THE CURRENT NUMBER OF THE *Yale Review* A SYMPATHETIC ARTICLE ON SCANDINAVIAN IDEALS AND PROBLEMS. WRITING OF DENMARK'S HOPE THAT ENGLAND, RUSSIA, AND THE MORAL FORCE OF THE UNITED STATES WOULD PREVENT HER NATIONAL EXTINCTION, HE CLOSES THUS: "THESE HOPES ARE GONE. DENMARK FED ENGLAND, SHE EXPORTED CERTAIN PRODUCTS TO GERMANY, SHE HAD MADE HERSELF THE FOREMOST SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURAL NATION OF THE WORLD, SHE WAS THE FREEST, SHE WAS WORKING OUT THE IDEALS OF HER NATIONAL LIFE WITHOUT DESIRING TO ACQUIRE TERRITORY OR TO INFRINGE ON THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS; BUT THE MOMENT THE UNITED STATES ENTERED THE WAR, SHE AND THE OTHER SCANDINAVIAN NATIONS GAVE UP HOPE OF ANY PROTECTION OR HELP, AND THEY HAVE NOW DETERMINED TO BAND TOGETHER IN AN INDUSTRIAL AND ECONOMIC UNION. THE WORLD HAS DESERTED THEM, AND THEY HAVE DETERMINED TO DO THEIR BEST TO BECOME INDEPENDENT OF THE WORLD."

# THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

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VOLUME VI

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## The Forward March of Democracy

*By HJALMAR BRANTING*

*A Speech in the Riksdag when the Conservative Ministry, by Refusing to Consider a Revision of the Constitution, Took the Step that Led to Its Fall*

**M**R. SPEAKER, Gentlemen: The answer we have just heard confirms the rumors, that have been circulating for the last few days to the effect that the Government would refuse to grant the demand formulated in the interpellation, that it should "devote all its power and influence to creating conditions favorable to a revision of the Constitution." In my opinion, it is a matter of regret that the Government has thus missed an opportunity to do a great deed. Its refusal seems based on the mistaken supposition that a revision of the Constitution at the present juncture would tend to divide our people. I am convinced, on the contrary, that it would unite us as nothing else could. It would demonstrate that the party in our country which has often in the past resisted progress is capable of rising above old prejudices and viewing the situation with a wider outlook, an outlook worthy of the great times in which we live.

We supposed, when the interpellation was made, that the Swedish Conservatives would have been sufficiently impressed with the international movement for political equality, which is advancing the world over, to show clearly that they too had learned something from the passing events. We supposed that they would modify their former principles enough to unite with the other parties in seeking a line for the continued progress of our country on the only possible basis, that of democracy.

There is no need of expatiating on that world-wide development from which we too can learn a lesson. I need not dwell on the experiences of our great neighbor in the east, except to say that, whatever her present troubles, one fundamental fact remains: the

power of the Czar, that cornerstone of reactionism in Europe, has crumbled in the dust and, in all human likelihood, will never rise again. If we turn to the south, we hear voices there too rising and demanding reforms in tones that will not be denied, and we can hardly conceive of a Germany emerging from a world war the same junker-ridden country that went into it. Similar reports come from Austria; there is discord indeed, but with it a conviction that the future belongs to democracy. As for Hungary, the people are in the midst of a struggle for universal suffrage; the powerful opposition has been broken and has been forced back from the position where it was entrenched before the war. In England, woman suffrage in particular has taken a great forward stride. . . . So we see that democracy is advancing there too.

It may be said, perhaps, that we cannot compare ourselves with the great belligerent countries, that we small neutral nations have more than enough to cope with in providing the means of our own material subsistence, without thinking of constitutional reforms, now while the world is on fire. But even if we admit that, what are the facts? In the midst of the world war, Denmark has taken whatever steps remained for the complete democratization of a constitution that was democratic even before. There too, the problem of woman suffrage has been solved; there too, the equality of citizens in the elections for both chambers, which we here are putting forward as an uncompromising demand, has been safeguarded. Norway must be counted out, but for the excellent reason that reforms have progressed so far in Norway that there is no immediate reason for direct continuation. In another neutral country, however, in Holland, which in many ways has come in closer touch with us during the war, a truly universal suffrage has been adopted under a system



*From a painting by Richard Bergh*

HJALMAR BRANTING

more liberal than that formulated in this country by any party except the Socialists, keeping the franchise entirely distinct from any question of taxes paid or anything of that nature. The movement has been carried through by all parties in full accord and with the support of the Conservatives, who have known how to yield to the imperative demands of the situation.

In view of these facts, it is not too much to say that, in the midst of convulsions more violent than Europe has known for centuries, the nations—and not only the nations but the conservative parties—have felt and sensed that, in order to live and to attain that very unity which our prime minister has pointed to as necessary in these trying times, the antiquated privileges of the ruling classes must be swept away. Such unity can be reached on democratic ground and there alone. This has been realized everywhere, and it is a pity that the Swedish Conservative party, unlike conservative parties in other countries, should put itself on record as not having known the time of its visitation.

Clearly, the present great upheavals have their effect even on the countries not directly involved in them. Issues are raised and become vital in a way that would not have happened but for the tremendous events round about us. We are fully aware that these issues must be met by each country in accordance with its own particular needs and the division of power between its classes. There can be no question of our adopting Russian methods or Russian measures, as we have sometimes been accused of wanting to do. These may be justified and explained by the conditions that gave rise to them, but are not to be followed blindly. We have no intention of patterning ourselves after others, and yet I believe the brief survey I have just made of the forward march of democracy everywhere will bring home forcibly the similarity of conditions in all capitalistic countries. Democracy is coming and can not be downed. It can no more be downed in our country than in others. I am constrained to say it: there is something small in a policy that refuses to recognize and admit this fact. Such a policy sees in the development of a democratic age nothing but the fact that on these points party programmes differ, and one might risk getting "no" for an answer here and there, if one were to venture a bold stroke. This is not the attitude we looked for. We hoped that the mere influence of the times would bring thinking men, even those of a different political complexion from ours, to another viewpoint.

The Government, however, chooses to point to the great tasks for which, as the prime minister again explains, it was formed, namely to uphold an inviolable loyalty to all sides, and to relieve, as far as possible, the daily increasing difficulties that harass our national housekeeping. These are great tasks indeed, and no one can for a

moment accuse our party of failing to appreciate their importance or of undervaluing what is really being accomplished in their solution. So long as the loyal co-operation with the Riksdag, which the Government initiated, continues in the same spirit, without concealment of any important measures whatsoever, so long we shall continue to respond with that appreciation for which the prime minister has just expressed a certain amount of gratitude.

But suppose we return to the question which was the subject of the interpellation. What has the Government done about that? Happily the answer is not a mere no. In the first place, it recognizes, in the most unequivocal terms, the paramount importance of these problems. Furthermore, it admits that a constitutional reform is now knocking at our doors and refers the matter to the verdict of the people in the elections.

Herein lie two concessions: firstly, that the question has been put and can not be shoved aside; secondly, that it must be answered by the people. I hope that the verdict of the people will be respected more than it has been on many former occasions; for therein lies the new spirit. Yet there are drawbacks even in this appeal to the elections. The electorate, which is to pronounce the verdict, is decimated by those very restrictions on the franchise which we want to remove, and against which the mass of the people are now aroused. Women are still excluded, and many members of the poorer classes still fall before the numerous limiting clauses that make our so-called universal suffrage unworthy of the name as commonly understood in other parts of the world. Nevertheless, we have ourselves, we willingly admit it, pointed to the decision of the polls. In the closing words of the interpellation, we expressed the hope that the Government would pledge itself to co-operate in a democratic revision of the Constitution in accordance with the will of the people as indicated in the coming elections. There is a connection here, and I will by no means underestimate the importance of the fact that the views of the Government and our views to a certain extent coincide.

All emphasis is now laid on the elections. We hoped that the Government would act sooner, but the Government refers us to the elections. Very well. Then let us meet at the polls, each party with its own banner, its own watchword, its own record. I understand from the answer of the Government that these elections in the autumn of 1917 will be of the utmost significance. The nation will be the judge, and the Government must at least assume the responsibility of seeing to it, as far as possible, that its judgment is respected. The determination of the Government to put the issue to a test can hardly mean anything less than willingness to abide by the decision of the elections in full and complete loyalty.

That is the least; that is the minimum of co-operation. History

will hardly call this refusal to take up a task statesmanlike. Yet it is something not to work against progress; it is something not to plant oneself rigidly and obstinately and uncomprehendingly in the way of that which is inevitable. It means at least a pledge not to obstruct the efforts which the rest of us are making to rally the Swedish people around a real solution of the problems that confront us. In that spirit I, for one, would fain read the answer of the Government. The Swedish people will be heard. May it speak so plainly that no misunderstanding and no misconstruction shall be possible for any one, whoever he be, after the people shall have spoken.

---

## Lowly Are All Thy Ways

By HENRIK WERGELAND

*Translated from the Norwegian by ILLIT GRÖNDALH*

*"Lowly are all thy ways and plain!  
This gives the proud and purblind pain;  
Their life is hidden from them.  
Traceless its days do disappear;  
Like Jordan to the silent mere,  
They toward the grave are flowing,  
Nor deed nor honor knowing.*

*But came to Jordan's silent shore  
The World's Redeemer not of yore?  
—To Nile or Euphrat' never:  
Well then! Let Jesus betake him  
To thy life-river's shaded brim—  
How well, though softly gliding,  
His image there abiding!*

*Each morning call him! Without fame  
Day dawneth not in such a name:  
Therein begin thy labor.  
'T will have, though without pomp it be,  
Greatness enough for Him who'll see  
Of things their core and meaning,  
Not how they may be gleaming."*

## Jens Jensen: Landscape Architect

*By RAGNA BERGLIOT ESKIL*

**I**T has the feeling and the spirit of the prairie!" Thus exclaimed a city-weary old prairie pioneer as he gazed at the slow, wandering lagoon in Humboldt Park, with its marshy shores and lily beds, its irregular, ragged banks—rock-jutted here and there—

and its suggestion of the free, languid strength of the prairies he had known in his youth. And so, indeed, Jens Jensen, the designer of "Prairie River," had meant him to feel, as he had meant him to rejoice when he could see again (edging a Chicago boulevard) in a long, uneven, tree-and bush-lined grass lane, the prairie road he had swung along in the young pioneer days.

Jens Jensen, perhaps the leading landscape architect of his sort in the world, is a philosopher and a poet of outdoor planning, besides being an artist in this field. He believes passionately in the right of all people to have a part in nature. His creed is that, in these days of crowded civilization, it is absolutely essential for each individual to be able to get away from his fellows to some free spot of nature

where he can get the peace and solitude that will give him soul quietude and soul growth.

There is little formality about Jens Jensen's landscapes. His free and sunny spirit will not be stifled by the established forms of garden conventionality. The only place where he suggests the mathematical symmetry of the continental ideas is in an occasional flower garden, but even then there is a grace and hominess about the scene rarely found in formal garden architecture. Mr. Jensen believes that the feeling of the controlled nature spot should reflect the scenery of the surrounding wild landscape—not copy it, but interpret it. For instance, in a prairie section the spirit of the rolling, flat land should be emphasized; in a mountainous region the spirit of the mountains; in a ridge district the beauty of overlying strata of rock, while a park along the shore of the sea or a large lake should call attention to the majesty and bigness of the water. Every line which he draws on his canvas of living things suggests this. He does not build a lagoon beside an ocean, nor does he simulate mountains in a flat



JENS JENSEN

area, nor disregard the rocks in the ridge section of the Blue Mountains. Like the portrait painter, who is able to reflect the soul of his sitter, he catches the soul of the landscape—a living thing to him—and then lets it emanate from his frame of grass and trees and flowers.

Every detail of his gardening carries out this unconventional and true idea. He uses not ornamental, clipped shrubbery, but native trees and hazel-nut brush, wild gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries, grapevines, and whatever else in tree and shrub is at home in that region. The shores of his artificial lakes are not "parky," but, like the "Prairie River," are muddy and marshy and weedy, except where the children are to wade. His walks are not of cement, but of indigenous materials, small pebbles, blocks of stone, or mulled tamarack and cedar bark; sometimes they are just plain "cow-paths" or "deer-trails," and perhaps there is a bit of "corduroy" along some wider road. Rustic bridges of young maple poles cross little streams that trickle and fall in true woodland fashion, and everywhere are easy seats where one may sit until the peace of the scene has encompassed one's soul. Or, if one would be sociable, there are picnic grounds



*Jens Jensen, Architect*

PRAIRIE RIVER IN HUMBOLDT PARK

and golf links and tennis courts and council fires and concert places and open-air theatres—and, by the way, in these open-air theatres Mr. Jensen believes America's contribution to the world stage will be developed. Even the conservatory in Garfield Park, although it is the largest in the world, has not the stiffness and touch-me-not air usual in greenhouses. The spirit of the tropics is portrayed in this landscape gardening under glass, and one is constantly charmed with the little poetic nooks of seeming fairy arrangement that are revealed at every turn.

This holding to the true, which Jens Jensen shows in his portrayal of nature, he also shows in his dealing with men. "The only really honest big man there's been in Chicago's public service," some one has said of him—which statement, let us hope for Chicago's sake, is an exaggeration. "The graft-fighting Dane," as he has been called, hates dishonesty, and especially the dishonesty that expends itself to the public detriment. With the money and the patronage that have passed through his hands, first as superintendent of Humboldt Park, then as superintendent of Garfield Park, and then as superintendent and architect of the West Parks system, Mr. Jensen, if he had

been corruptible, could easily have become an immensely wealthy man. But his undeviating principle, "Never accept any money for influence," and his determination that, as far as he could bring it about, the people were going to get every cent's value out of their park appropriations, drew him into hard conflicts with the grafters who were mulcting the West Park funds, and made his name a headline feature, time after time, in the Chicago papers for some ten or eleven trying years.

His first graft fight was twenty years ago, as superintendent of Humboldt Park, with an interest-protected sidewalk contractor who



*Jens Jensen, Architect*

A TANGLE OF GRASSES

was attempting to provide cheaper material and work than the specifications called for, and his second was with a combination of coal grafters who were delivering short weights of coal to the heating and power plant of this park, while they charged the city for full-weight loads. This latter, especially, proved a pretty stiff graft to expose, for the influences back of it were some of the most powerful in Chicago, but Mr. Jensen finally managed it, at the personal cost, however, of being ousted from his position. A reform park board that soon came in, though, demanded his reinstatement, and he was made superintendent and landscape artist for the whole extensive West Parks system. But the personnel of this board changed shortly, and the graft machine back of the new members was so strongly entrenched that it even dared try to remove the trained employees of the West Parks and fill their places with its political henchmen. Mr. Jensen, of course, was immediately up in arms against this new move, and after a bitter struggle the merit rule was absolutely established, and the park employees who started in with Mr. Jensen are still there. After that fight—about eight years ago—Mr. Jensen gave up the superintendency and opened a private office, though, fortunately for Chicago, he still retains the position of consulting architect for the West Parks system.

Since leaving the superintendency, Mr. Jensen, besides laying out public parks in smaller cities—Racine, Wisconsin, for instance—designing numerous private estates and university grounds throughout the country, training park superintendents and landscape designers in his own offices, and lecturing before colleges and clubs and associations interested in the out-of-doors, finds a great deal of time to champion the movement for more state and national parks. Especially has he been interested in the park reservations in the Great Lakes commercial region, for his slogan is: "A free spot of nature within the reach of every person." He it was who, some eighteen or nineteen years ago, started the agitation to save the famous sand dunes along the Indiana coast for a national park, so that Chicago and the steel cities could have this near wild spot, and it has been his eager desire to see a school of landscape architecture established on a part of the dunes; for he believes that this unique meeting-place of the plant life of the north and the south, the east and the west, would make an ideal location for a landscape school. Yet his energies have not been confined only to his home territory. Through talks and illustrated lectures he has given of his vigor and his enthusiasm to every public park project in the country, and only last spring he significantly aided, by his candid report, the battle which the New York club-women were waging to save Riverside Park from the encroachment of the New York Central interests. Wherever the people's

outdoor recreation spots are in danger, Mr. Jensen's militancy for the right may be counted upon.

Mr. Jensen has been in this country only thirty-six years. He was born of Danish parents in Dybböl, Slesvig, close beside the sea, on an estate that had been handed down from father to son for almost four hundred years; and he received his first training in an agricultural school in Jutland, later finishing in the famous *Landbrugskole* near Copenhagen. It need hardly be said that this country—especially Chicago, which scarcely knew then what landscape gardening meant—did not, when he first came, give his unique ideas a very warm welcome. He learned what it meant to go hungry, but he persisted in believing that the work he had set out to do would find a place. He made his entry into the Chicago park system by taking a job as a common laborer, and now he is hailed by both American and European critics as a really great creative landscape architect.

But more than his wonderful gardens, his contribution to this country has been revealing the individual, personal beauty of America to herself, and inspiring in thousands of people a hitherto unrealized appreciation and understanding of nature.

---

## The Dream Genius Speaks

By HENRIK WERGELAND

*Translated from the Norwegian by ILLIT GRÖNDALH*

*A diamond is my imagination,  
Cut thousand-edged; my reason ever  
Peers through it as through a kaleidoscope—  
Or 'tis a Chinese game which in a thousand  
Fresh forms my reason puts—Halloo!  
I split asunder easily, arising  
A hissing rocket, coming down as ten.  
Same time I play upon a sleepy sexton:  
Who hears bell-ringing—and upon a grocer:  
Forthwith he bacon smells—a maid: she laughs,  
Her pillow kissing—then I touch a king:  
He struts and feels majestic, seeing that  
With phosphorus I paint him, rex, rex, rex!*

# Isaacson's Death

By ALBERT ENGSTRÖM

*Translated from the Swedish by CHARLES WHARTON STORK*

**I**T looked as if old Isaacson would have a hard time to die. The pastor had been with him twice, with an interval of fourteen days, but after each call he brightened up, and lay there giving orders about the care of his garden and observing everything as if nothing was the matter. He began to be actually troublesome.

Like most mariners, Isaacson had been sailing a number of years before he returned to cultivate his native soil, and he did it then like a good fellow. So gradually he developed until he was now the owner of a full half-allotment of land, and of the best boats and fisheries on the island, and had risen to the second rank in the tax assessor's list. But what availed him worldly honor and elevation now that he was to die?

He lay on his bed and groaned and thought over this fact. He thought over other facts too. He had been a great sinner and a great rascal, both with liquor and with women, white women and black women and yellow women. But when one is away for months at a time from wife and children, and comes into the heat around the line, one can not steer a straight course. God, who permits whatever takes place, had surely also permitted his sinful desires and acts. Though the priest said that it was the evil one who brought all this about! But God at any rate permitted that the evil one should play the mischief with mankind.—All of this kept going around in Isaacson's head. He groaned and wailed, because his sickness was on him again. There was something that pushed from beneath his stomach up against his breast and squeezed his heart, and he thought, as he had thought now for many weeks with each attack: This is surely death that's coming. This time it oppressed him worse than ordinarily, and he rang the cow-bell which had been laid on a chair by the bed.

His wife came in. She was a person of sixty years, sunburnt and wrinkled, sinewy with fishing-work, knotty and bent.

"I think I'm going to have more pain, Johanna! You'd best send after the pastor."

"You're foolish with your pastor. Is he to keep going back and forward like a ninny every time there's something stuck in your gizzard? You'll never die, never. Shall I give you a glass of wine?"

"Yes, give it to me; perhaps then the pain in my breast will ease a little—Thanks, Johanna—Oi! oi! oi!—Aye, but there's something there that ought to be eased—hoho!—hm-hm!—It's hard to die. Ah! I've been a great sinner."

Johanna's face grew dark. "Oh yes, I heard enough of that when you were confessing. You were a villain, that you were; were false to me with each and every, though you gave me your promise in church. But now you have your punishment."

"Did you come and listen when I talked with pastor? Dev—but it's all the same—Oi! oi! oi!—Give me a glass now!—Thanks, Johanna, you're always kind—oi!—oi!—now death's a-coming!"

Isaacson's eyes seemed to stare through the roof and the air out into somewhere where his wife could not see. She became frightened.

"Isaacson dear, don't die, don't die!"

"Give me a glass, that eases me a great deal!—Thanks, Johanna dear. But now go and tell the children and grandmother to come in, for this time it's serious. I know it—don't cry, Johanna, it's no use now!"

With apron over her eyes, his wife went out into the kitchen, where the rest of the family were eating their midday meal. With trembling hand Isaacson put a glass of port wine to his lips. It was remarkable how much good it did him. He remembered a certain drinking-orgy in Hamburg—a tavern where the whole crew of the brig *Leontine* drank strong-beer and schnapps. There was a fight, and Isaacson broke off a coat-hanger and banged the Germans over the head till the police came. Then he sneaked up a stairway to a girl, who helped him out through a window, and he ran down a dark alley to the harbor and hid in a barge.

Everything stood out clearly in his memory; all too clearly, he thought, for these were but sinful recollections—he had done nothing good in his life. Nothing? Yes, he had tended his garden, and it surely says in the Bible that man shall cultivate and tend his land. That at least he would be able to say when shortly he should stand before the Throne.

But now the kitchen door opened, and grandmother came in first. Grandmother was an old woman of eighty-eight years, little and brown, and twisted, like a pine-tree by the coast. After grandmother came Alida, the youngest daughter, a round-cheeked girl of twenty; the son Victor, flaxen fair, with down around his lips; and David the man-servant—all with solemnity impressed on their countenances in the form of wrinkled eyebrows. But Alida sobbed quietly.

Old Isaacson, pale yellow in complexion, lay there on the bed and picked at the coverlet. The wine had gone to his head, for our Lord is merciful even to those about to die; and he smiled. He had thought to make a big scene, that was the one thing that supported him now, because his testament was clear and final. He had made arrangements about his establishment, with the very beginning of his sickness.

"I know I'm beginning to suffer and that it's as good to arrange

things first as last. Give me another glass, Johanna!—Thanks, Johanna; it's clean wonderful how it eases my chest. Now there must be a funeral of course. There's two hundred rix-dollars laid aside for it. Heeheehee!—funeral of an old sailor. But there shan't be any funeral with weeping and gnashing of teeth, but with gladness and rejoicing—heeheehee! There shall be clapping of hands and violins, and trillaryfillery-rumtumtollery, for here rests old Isaacson six feet under the earth—fallery—with a fine cross and a verse o' the Psalms and a fir-twig crown on his gallant breast. For pastor said to me according to Holy Writ that no sorrow shall be hereafter, nor either weeping or wailing any more, for behold! the former life has passed away. And afterwards ye shall make a little peep-hole in the grave, so I can get air and look at the stars, for after the Judgment a sailor must take his observations, when he has no soundings. Won't you take a glass of wine too, Johanna? What the devil are you standing and glowering at me for? Don't you see that I'm sick, plague take you? Don't you understand that I'm holding on and keeping up, you snivelers? I remember when old Storm sailed right up to the shore with his sloop and jumped down onto the beach and said to the owners: 'Here's your damned boat!' I was only a younker then, but devil take me if I didn't understand him. For now I lay to on the shore of Eternity and say: 'Here's your boat! Battered it is, and the rudder's away, and the keel's gone; the heart in my carcass has no captain left, 'tis foul and cracked and sinful; but the flag's flying, anyhow.' What does the Lord say then? Why, our Lord takes me under the arms and says: 'Thanks, old Isaacson, that you came to land right here by me!' And then there come angels with whisky and brandy—and beer—and wings like new-washed sails, and then they carry me to—to—Table Bay and Zanzibar and Singapore—and—and—then come—sharks—and yellow devils—and wine—and—'

Isaacson had fallen asleep.

Grandmother's eyes stood out, because she hadn't heard so much sinfulness in a long time. Johanna's look was unfathomable, but the hired man said: "Devil's in me if the master doesn't get well!"

The day after, Isaacson sat up in bed, weak and sallow, and wanted meat soup. A week later he got on his cloak and examined the farmyard. After a month he was Isaacson again.

People said that Isaacson would never die. But he died. Next time I shall describe his funeral, pretty much as I was told about it.



*Drawing by Helen Peale Jacobs*

## Current Illustrations

THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE 'CELLO AS A SOLO INSTRUMENT ARE REVEALED BY HERMAN SANDBY, WHO RECENTLY DELIGHTED A NEW YORK AUDIENCE WITH A RECITAL INCLUDING WORKS OF SIBELIUS AND ARRANGEMENTS OF SCANDINAVIAN FOLK SONGS. IN KANSAS CITY SANDBY PLAYED THE SOLO PARTS IN THE PERFORMANCE OF HIS OWN WORKS BY THE KANSAS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, CONDUCTED BY ANOTHER DANISH ARTIST, CARL BUSCH.

WHEN ELSA UELAND TOOK THE PRESIDENCY OF CARSON COLLEGE FOR ORPHAN GIRLS IN PHILADELPHIA, SHE DECLARED HER PURPOSE OF GIVING HER PUPILS "THE JOY OF LIFE AND THE JOY OF WORK." OUR YOUNGEST COLLEGE PRESIDENT IS A MINNEAPOLIS GIRL OF NORWEGIAN STOCK, THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE FAMOUS PEASANT-POLITICIAN, JOHAN GABRIEL UELAND



*Courtesy of "Every Week"*

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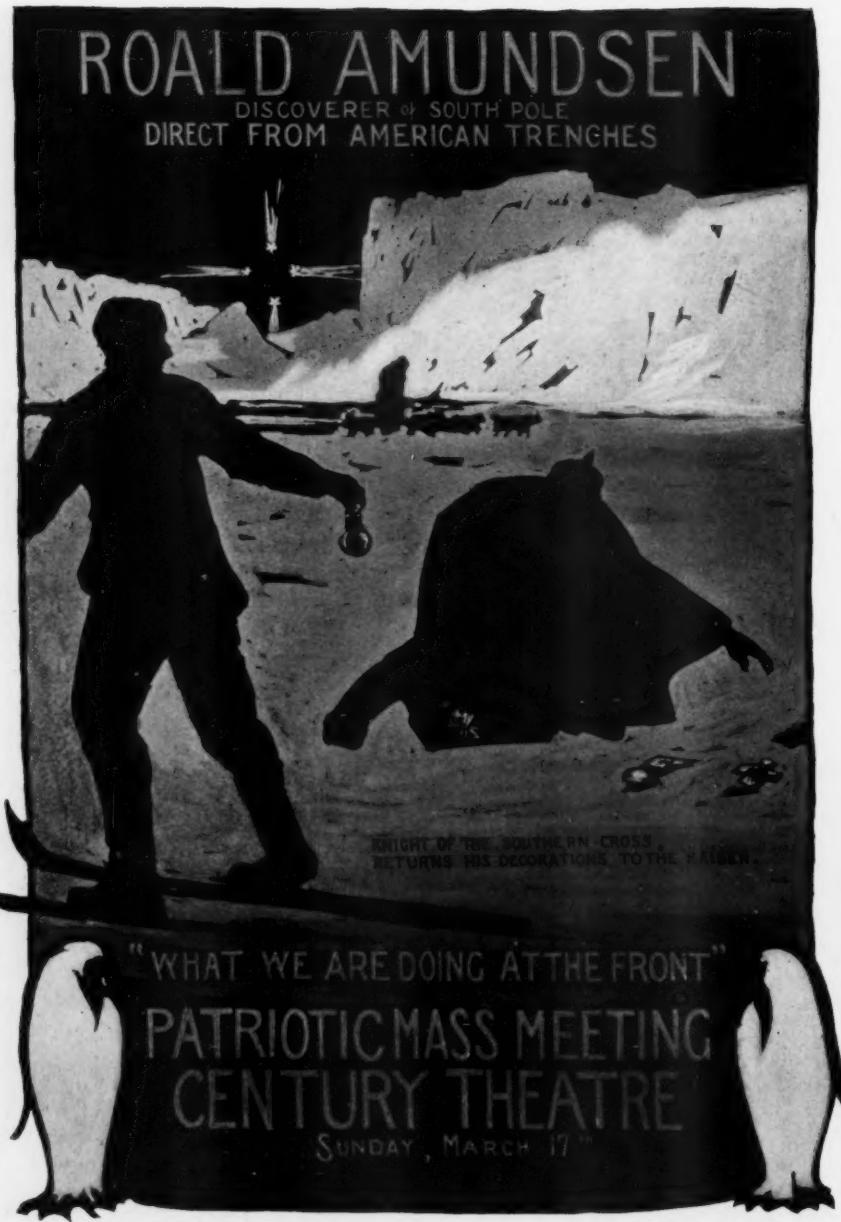
IN SPITE OF THE DIFFICULT TIMES, THE SCANDINAVIAN ART SHOP, IN THE FIRST YEAR OF ITS EXISTENCE, HAS ESTABLISHED ITS PLACE AMONG THE ART STORES OF NEW YORK. ITS BRIGHT CARL LARSSON INTERIOR IS AS ATTRACTIVE AS IT IS UNIQUE

TWILIGHT: ONE OF THE LITHOGRAPHS BY BIRGER SANDZEN, NOW ON EXHIBITION IN THE SCANDINAVIAN ART SHOP



*Courtesy of Architecture*





*Poster by Jonas Lie*

THE ACCIDENT OF WAR BRINGS TWO GREAT NORWEGIAN EXPLORERS HERE AT THE SAME TIME: NANSEN, PERHAPS THE GREATEST LIVING EXPONENT OF NEUTRAL RIGHTS AND DUTIES; AMUNDSEN, A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD, PROTESTING AGAINST GERMANY'S OUTRAGES ON THE SEA. AS THE GUEST OF OUR GOVERNMENT, HE LECTURED THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY. THREE THOUSAND PEOPLE HEARD HIM AT THE MEETING IN THE CENTURY THEATER, NEW YORK, ARRANGED UNDER THE CHAIRMANSHIP OF MR. EDWIN OLAF HOLTER



A CLASS AT GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, THE FIRST AMERICAN COLLEGE TO INTRODUCE THE LING SYSTEM,  
NOW USED IN THE AMERICAN NAVY, AND THE INSTRUCTOR OF THE CLASS, WILLIAM SÖDERLUND



MR. SÖDERLUND'S CORPS OF BOY SCOUTS IN THE CITY OF ST. PETER SERVES AS A PRACTICE SCHOOL  
FOR THE GYMNASTICS CLASS IN THE NORMAL DEPARTMENT AT GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

## Two Fragments from Haugtussa

By ARNE GARBORG

*Translated from the Norwegian by THORA GRÖNVOLD*

### I

#### INTRODUCTION

*To you, you hills and marshes pale  
At dawn of day,  
You mountains strong, where great birds sail,  
I sing my lay.*

*To you, you heather, brown and sere,  
Where dreams abound,  
I sing, when eve and dawn appear,  
Of life unfound.*

*I know you well, you Troll-home grey;  
At somber night,  
I dream in fear, then must alway  
Watch for your flight.*

*I know you well, your wild unrest,  
Relentless sea;  
You oft strike terror in my breast  
And misery.*

*I know the struggle vain and grim  
'Gainst Berg-troll's gloom.  
God save us all from shattered limb  
And pitfall's doom!*

*I know you well, I know your dread,  
Who conquered stand:  
I see your strife, the path you tread  
Through Shadow-land.*

*I, too, have fought that struggle black  
For many years,  
With spirit strong, but breaking back  
And heart-wounds fierce.*

*You hover near, you needs must stay,  
Poor broken soul.  
You tear my flesh to break away  
And reach your goal.*

*I know full well the struggle vain  
'Gainst torrent's will;*

*The boat o'erturned, a minor strain—  
Then all is still.*

*A lark sings out from greening tree  
A conqueror's song.  
The wind sweeps from a dark-blue sea  
Full fresh and strong.*

*And e'en though with us sorrows stay,  
And weakling Fear,  
We must believe the lark's sweet lay:  
That Spring is here!*

## II

### AT SET OF SUN

*From out the sea appears a fairy-land  
With hills and trees.*

*'Tis pictured clear against a heavenly strand  
In night-blue peace.*

*Oft have I seen it veiled in golden foam  
O'er yon grey beach.*

*It is the shrine of peace, celestial home,  
We strain to reach.*

*The shimmering mountain-peaks are held in charm  
Of captive sleep,  
Till, kindled by the sunset's fiery arm,  
To flames they leap.*

*When day sinks down in molten golden fire  
In marshy dales,  
There springs to life a land of light and lyre  
And fairy-tales.*

*The evening landscape evanescent shines  
In magic old.*

*Like silver glows the air; then amber wines;  
Then rose; then gold.*

*But soon the splendor pales; the fairy-land  
With hills and trees  
Again stands clear against the heavenly strand,  
In night-blue peace.*

*As wearily the path of life I tread,  
I fain would run  
To reach that land which ever on has sped  
At set of sun.*

## Writers of Swedish Life in America

By OLIVER A. LINDER

THAT the Swede in this country becomes too quickly Americanized is an assertion commonly made, though perhaps not warranted by an earnest and intelligent survey of the facts. It is claimed that he is prone to discard all the manners and customs that were his by virtue of heritage and upbringing, but even though we assume this to be true, I am not sure that it can be called a fault; it is at most a virtuous resolution carried out too literally. For if the Swede comes to this country with the conscious purpose of carving out his future here, of building himself a home, and making America his own country and that of his children, the all-important problem of "making good" demands that the change should be effected in him as soon as possible. Yet the question has another side, which I would ask you to consider.

The Swede in America, though he is not so clannish as some other racial groups, has strong social instincts that lead him to seek out his countrymen. He will walk many miles to hear the old Swedish melodies fiddled or sung, and will announce his approval by a deafening clapping with his monstrous hands. Swedish singing societies are found in almost any city with enough Swedish inhabitants to form a quartette, and the typical Swede will insist on celebrating Midsummer with a dance around the May-pole. In these short hours he will lay aside all that smacks of the new and enjoy the old to his heart's content. While in this mood, he is little else than a Swede, and if any one should fling an insult at the beautiful blue and yellow flag that flutters merrily in the summer breeze above his head, he would fight for its honor as lustily as he would huzza for Uncle Sam's red, white, and blue that floats at its side. He is also inclined to eat *lutfisk* and *risgryngröt* on Christmas Eve and to attend *julotta* in the morning, as he did at home. These customs cling to him a long time, often for life.

Yet all the time he is steadily Americanizing himself, even to the extent of preferring to speak his broken English instead of his mother tongue. Not that he is ashamed of his own language, but rather he is eager, in his awkward way, to learn the new, which he feels is the key to success. He does not attempt to found a new Sweden on American soil. He came here because America was different from his native land, and he is sometimes so conscious of this difference that he fails to give due recognition to what he left behind. He determines to like this country, and he does like it. He makes the wise decision of adapting himself to the bride with whom he expects to spend a lifetime, even though he may be compelled to disregard some of the

nice things his old mother would have liked in him, and herein he is in perfect accord with the teachings of the Good Old Book itself.

Now and then we do find small communities where the Swedish element dominates, and here we may instantly recognize a spirit distinct from the American spirit, though by no means hostile to it. For a while, the whole community has a Swedish color and character, but this is likely to pass when the second generation becomes dominant. The Swede does not cling so tenaciously to the customs and modes of his old country as do many other immigrants. In consequence, there is but little of what might be called Swedish-American folk-life, and herein lies the explanation of the fact, so often brought forward, that stories dealing with the life of Swedes in America lack background. There is no atmosphere of environment to make the figures stand out.

If I have succeeded in setting forth effects in their relation to causes, I may perhaps be pardoned for this otherwise inexcusably long introduction, in which I have tried to make plain that the Swede in America does not yield the same rich store of material for the novelist as does the immigrant of almost any other nationality.

He has, however, been made the theme for fictional treatment by a number of writers. Greatest in volume, but least in value and significance, is that produced in Sweden by persons who have lived in this country for longer or shorter periods, sometimes for years, sometimes only for months. On coming back to the old country, they find only too ready a market for stories "knocking" America, and so they fall easy victims to the temptation of writing their own experiences and observations on this side of the big water. As a rule, they have done this with no understanding of that which they were not interested in, and with little sympathy for that which they did not understand.

Thus Henning Berger has devoted his undeniable talents to creating in the mind of his readers an impression of America as a place full of snares and pitfalls in which the Swede will, sooner or later, be lost. On reading his stories of Chicago—where all his American characters live and move—one might believe that the Swedes in that city were a conglomeration of cheap adventurers, half-starved frequenters of low Bohemia, and sheepish fatalists—failures in every respect. During the half dozen years he lived here, Berger saw no other phase of their lives than the sorry plight of a few men and women whose souls were dead, either from exposure or voluntary self-destruction. He has no desire to tell the truth, nor does he know the truth.

Hilma Angered-Strandberg is another talented writer of fiction who has drawn on the experiences and observations of a few years in America for stories pretending to be descriptive of life among the Swedes. Like Berger, she has rather a narrow horizon, which tends

to a short perspective and limited types. *På prärien* ("On the Prairie"), her earliest American story, caused a sensation and not a little scandal, when first published, because of its pretended description of life at one of the Swedish-American colleges. Several well-known and highly respected persons yet living were grossly caricatured in her book and ridiculed for their American ways. The story was, at most, founded on second-hand gossip. Neither in *På prärien* nor in any of her later works does this author even attempt to portray the Swedish-American in the making. That which is common does not interest her; that which does not sicken through utter wretchedness, or compel momentary attention by gaudy emptiness, seems to her dull and draws from her contempt and derision rather than an even superficial pity.

A few others, such as J. L. Stockenstrand, Ernst Lindblom, Ernst Berg, and Alfred Kämpe, have made attempts at picturing life among the Swedes in America, but they do not get much beyond the outlines, and moreover they have sometimes eked out their limited material by drawing on their imagination, which provides a poor substitute.

Now, any one who is to give a true and intimate picture of the soul of a nation or of any stratum in a nation must be one with what he describes to the extent that he feels, or at least possesses memories of having felt, the same glorious joy of victory, the same despairing sadness over the grave of dead hopes, the same momentary weakness or daring defiance; he must have fallen before the same temptations and bravely crawled back into line again in the same way as the men and women he portrays. He must have been a part of what he depicts, must not only have observed it, but felt it.

There are perhaps only two or three writers that stand out distinctly as giving a searching and intimately true picture of Swedish life in America. They are Gustaf N. Malm, Johan Person, and Anna Olsson. Person has been more prolific than the other two and has undoubtedly a firmer grip on his material, but in spite of that, I am inclined to place Malm at the head, on account of his deeper understanding and wider sympathy. When his *Charli Johnson* came out, in 1909, he was quite unknown even to those who keep abreast of productions in this field. There were evident crudities in the book; the picture was often crowded with unessential details, and the tendency to sermonize made itself too strongly felt. Yet the reader willingly overlooked these common faults of the beginner for the refreshing directness, the keen observation and pleasant good humor, and the ardent, at times exalted, enthusiasm for the true and noble, and the hatred of everything bad and small and mean that breathed from his pages.

The conviction was borne in on us, as we smiled and wept and cursed with his heroes and heroines, that this was real life. It is true

that here and there some purist would sneer at the broken Swedish Malm put in the mouth of his characters, but this dialect was neither manufactured, nor was it used for the purpose of ridiculing, as other authors have done. It was simply the mixture of Swedish and English which is as natural to the farmer of Nebraska or Kansas as his blue overalls. Without it, the picture would have been incomplete.

In the years since the appearance of *Charli Johnson*, Malm has written a number of short stories and has developed, in this field, a great strength of expression as well as delicacy of feeling. He knows the Swedes of the prairie states in the Middle West through and through. An instance of this type was the Christmas story *Peace and Good Will* which appeared in the Yule Number of the AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW, in 1915, having been awarded the first prize in a contest arranged by the magazine.

In temperament there is every possible difference between Malm and Johan Person. Person deals preferably with the Swedes of the cities, while Malm devotes himself to those who live in the country. *I Svensk-Amerika*, a collection of short stories, published in 1900, contains much of the best of Person's work. He pays more attention than in his later stories to the environment in its influence upon the phenomena of change in his countrymen. He was then yet too close to his own experience not to look on their struggles with sympathy, and, side by side with his wholesome humor, there ran a vein of true pathos.

The years have brought a decided change in his point of view. There has crept into his style a satirical note, which sometimes borders on contempt and aversion. He has not much love for the men and women of whom he writes; he waxes sarcastic over their failures, caricatures their weaknesses, and heaps high-brow ridicule on their childish pride in what is sometimes very small achievement. His sympathies have dwindled, and in their place has come a supercilious attitude. Meanwhile he has perfected his technique; he sees clearly even to the smallest detail, and his style has gained distinction. His collection of essays, *Svensk-Amerikanska Studier*, published in 1912, gives an excellent bird's-eye view of the Swede in America, and will probably have lasting value as the best serious book of its kind.

Wilhelm Berger has written half a dozen or more volumes of short stories and, recently, a collection of articles called *Svensk-Amerikanska Meditationer*. He writes along the same general lines as Person, covering some phases of his subject more thoroughly, but neglecting others. His field of observation is more narrow, but within it he seems to have come in closer contact. His short stories, however, lack atmosphere; what happens in them could have happened anywhere. There is a little more satisfaction to be gained from C. W.

Andeer's *Augustana-folk*. These stories are told without much pretension to art, but they bring into clear view the life in Swedish Lutheran parishes throughout the farming districts of the north-western states.

A sharply defined individuality meets us in the short stories of Anna Olsson. They have keen observation, kindly feeling, a style with an intuitive sureness in essentials, and a rich, bubbling humor. If there is hidden a sting, you prefer to laugh it off. This author has for some reason, which no one is inclined to accept, confined herself to an illogically narrow field—the immigrants from a single province, Värmland—and, in spite of their good qualities, her stories tend to produce a feeling of monotony.

Quite recently, however, a book came from her pen in which she breaks away from these self-imposed limitations. *En prärieunges funderinger* describes the musings of a curious, wide-eyed child, as she toddles among the farmer-folk of the little Kansas town where her father was a pastor. In a few passages here and there the writer succeeds in creating impressions of scenes and conditions with picturesque vividness, although this, of course, is not her predominant aim.

Ernst Skarstedt is not a writer of fiction, but has, in his way, contributed largely to our knowledge of life among the Swedes in America. Besides his series of books dealing with the biographical history of his countrymen on the Pacific slope, he has written *Vagabond och redaktör*, in which he details his own experiences as a newcomer and in many years of roving. He is a keen observer, but a poor psychologist, and it is a good thing, therefore, that he generally leaves the interpretation to the reader. The last-named book, where it is not controversial, is a rich source of intimate details revealing Swedish life in America.

There is then, quantitatively, but little written of Swedish life in America for reasons that I have tried to make clear in the beginning of this article. If I am right, it serves also to explain why no American author has gone to the Swedish-Americans for material, the only exception, so far as I am informed, being Willa Sibert Cather. In *O Pioneers*, as well as *The Song of the Lark*, the chief characters are Swedish immigrants and their sons and daughters, who are pictured with truth to life and without any attempt at overdrawing.

## The Chicago Norwegian Club

ON July 4, 1917, the Chicago Norwegian Club celebrated Independence Day by opening its distinctive new club-house on North Kedzie Boulevard, with a performance of Hostrup's old comedy, "Gjenboerne." Thus fittingly did it initiate its enlarged opportunity to take a leading part in the cultural and social life of the

Norwegians in Chicago. In late September, it entertained the important Congress of American and Canadian Engineers and Architects of Norwegian birth or descent, which convened in Chicago at the club's invitation. Its future plans contemplate the holding of art exhibitions by Norwegian artists, concerts, plays, lectures, and the entertainment of prominent visiting Scandinavians.

The new club-house is rarely beautiful and individual among Scandinavian clubs in this country, with its reminiscent note of Norse patterns. The architects, Joachim C. Giaver and Frederick P. Dinkelberg, have succeeded in carrying out, in brick construction, the Norwegianized château style, and the interior decorations, too, are of characteristically Norse flavor.

The auditorium on the first floor, with its white raftered ceiling, reminds one of the halls in Norway, and the oak beams and consoles in dragon design of the roomy club-room on the second floor, the huge "peis," planned by Christian Boggers, and the unique iron chandeliers and the wall lights, the work of Emil Björn, suggest an older period. A little nucleus of paintings by Norwegian artists already adorn the walls. The whole atmosphere of the club is of cheeriness and Northland hospitable comfort, and a fine sense of good taste in the ornamentation and conduct.

The present Chicago Norwegian Club dates back only from 1911, when it was formed by the union of the venerable Norwegian Quartette Club and the old Norwegian Club. Its membership now is about two hundred and eighty.



THE NORWEGIAN CLUB

## Editorial

**LOYAL SWedes** It is an absurd injustice based on individual exceptions to judge Americans of Swedish descent apathetic toward the war. The first death in Pershing's Expedition was that of a Swedish-American. The descendants of the soldiers who heard the call of freedom in the seventeenth century and followed the leadership of Gustaf Adolf across the battlefields of Germany will be found, in whatever land they live in, the most eager defenders of constitutional democracy. Almost overnight there has grown up a spontaneously organized council of Swedish-American defence called "The John Ericsson League of Patriotic Service." Judge Harry Olson of Chicago is president of the League. Its headquarters are likewise in Chicago, in Room 1347, Conway Building, at the corner of La Salle and Washington Streets, with Mr. Werner Melinder as managing secretary. Collector of Customs Harry A. Lund is president of the Minnesota District Council, and Professor Alfred J. Pearson of the State Council of Iowa. Strong district and local committees are being formed at various points from New York to San Francisco. The League will work through other agencies and promote and coördinate the numerous patriotic activities among Swedes throughout the country. The formation of the League is due to the vision and energetic initiative over a period of many weeks of its general secretary, Mr. Edwin Björkman, the author, director of the Scandinavian Bureau of the National Committee on Public Information. It may be regretted that the name of John Ericsson has again been multiplied by this organization. There are other Swedish-American names that conjure up democratic images: John Morton, for example, who cast the deciding vote for the Declaration of Independence; John Hanson, first President of Congress and the United States after the adoption of the Articles of Federation. But in times of national emergency, Ericsson stands forth as the man who offered Lincoln not only his Swedish inventive genius, but his life if need be, in the cause of freedom.

**THE "SONS" TO THE RESCUE**

Knute Nelson raised a quick stir of applause at the mass meeting in New York, on March 16, when he spoke of the Scandinavians flocking to our colors. In introducing Captain Roald Amundsen, the venerable senator said: "Wait till the casualty lists come in, and you will see the Johnsons, the Knudsens, the Larsens, the Nelsons, and the Amundsens taking their place with the rest." Scandinavians are loyal beyond question, and they will soon be tied even more closely to their adopted country by the common bond of sacrifices made and trials faced.

**NORWAY'S PLIGHT** At this writing, the trade agreement between our government and that of Norway is not ratified, as exception has been taken to certain clauses in the proposed compromise. The delay is most unfortunate for Norway. It ought to be clearly understood that the agreement, even if ratified, in no way guarantees that Norway will receive anything whatsoever. It means simply that the blockade is lifted to the extent of permitting the Norwegians to buy food wherever they can and bring it home as best they can. But every week that passes sees a tightening of the world's markets. Australia and Argentina are under Allied control; our own crops are needed for ourselves and our Allies, and it is understood that no American wheat can be spared for the Northern neutrals. Meanwhile the Norwegians are living on the scantiest possible rations of bread that is said to "look like sand and taste worse," with the prospect that even this will be at an end before summer is over. Our government has shown its good-will by releasing a certain amount of petroleum, drugs, and coffee for shipment to Norway, but the main issue of staple food remains unsettled.

An especially unfortunate feature of the embargo is the hindrance it places in the way of the Norwegians helping themselves. In order to carry out their plans for increasing their tilled acreage, they need motor machinery to take the place of the work-horses killed for lack of fodder, benzine to run the machines, and phosphates and potash to be used with their own Norway saltpeter for fertilizing. One hundred and fifty motor plows purchased by their government and urgently wanted in the spring plowing are being held here, while shipments of seed and fertilizers are, of course, also delayed. We hope some means will soon be found to aid this friendly neutral—a neutral which, in the words of one prominent Norwegian, is "more anti-German than America itself."

**CLASS WAR IN FINLAND** Since our last issue appeared, that which we feared for Finland has happened; to the horrors of civil war has been added the even more sinister menace of German occupation. It is difficult to apportion the blame. The situation in Finland presents some of the same irreconcilable elements as that in Ireland. Only so long as they were united by fear of Russia, could the Svekomans and the Fennomans act together; that fear removed, they fell apart. It is fair to remember that Finland's small Swedish population has been, not only the bearer of culture, but also the political backbone of the country, and that it deserves the chief credit for having preserved the forms of self-government, so that Finland stood ready to take her place among the constitutional democracies of the world. Judge Svinhufvud was named as the president of the new Finnish republic, and we have no conclusive evidence that the

White government was thinking of calling in a German prince; in fact, the rumor has been denied in the strongest terms. When the Red revolution broke out, and unspeakable atrocities were perpetrated by the Russian soldiers and Finnish "Hooligans," the Whites looked to Sweden for aid, but the Swedish government, very properly, refused, on the grounds that such a step would involve not only Sweden, but Norway and Denmark, in the world war. The Whites then turned to Germany. It appears that at any rate the first troops sent from Germany were not regulars, but members of the old Finnish battalion with some German volunteers.

The Reds, on their side, claim that they represent the real Finnish people and dispute the legality of the election by which the Whites secured a majority. They protest against being identified with the "Hooligans" who have joined them and retort on the Whites by accusing them too of committing cruel acts. They assert that their opponents have sold themselves to Germany, and that the small upper class does not really desire an independent Finland, since it would be hopelessly outvoted and therefore would much prefer to be under Germany or Sweden.

The Reds have been recruited largely from the laboring men of the cities. The Whites include the property-owning classes, the intellectuals—among them the poet Bertel Gripenberg and the artist Gallén-Kallela—many Socialists, and a large part of the peasantry. In Norway and Sweden, the Syndicalists and Left Socialists, who are under the influence of Bolshevik ideas, have expressed their sympathy with the Reds, while moderate Socialists like Branting have repudiated them.

**THE BALTIC** The bear's paw, which has been the terror of Sweden for centuries, is withdrawn, and in its place has come the mailed fist. Every schoolboy in Sweden knows that the Baltic provinces, now taken by Germany, contain cities associated with the proudest victories in Swedish history. When the Baltic was a Swedish lake, the land on which Petrograd now stands belonged to Sweden; Finland and Åland remained Swedish till 1809. The Russian colossus, increasing at the rate of 140 square kilometers a day for four hundred years, has pushed Sweden back so far that no further encroachment is possible without touching land that has been Swedish since prehistoric times. But the face of the Baltic is suddenly changed. The Russian colossus has fallen to pieces, and with it the last shred of an excuse for pro-Germanism has vanished. The German clutch on the Baltic provinces, on Finland, and Åland is a new menace more grim than the old. It should drive Sweden to a closer alliance with the Western powers and particularly with Denmark and Norway.

**CONSERVING  
HISTORICAL  
MATERIAL**

A remarkable old journal, written by Ole Nattestad, the first Norwegian settler in Wisconsin, and printed in Norway in 1839, has recently been presented to the State Historical Society in Wisconsin. This is said to be the only copy of the book extant; its loss would have been irretrievable. The case suggests the need of a nation-wide organized effort to collect and preserve the hundreds of other documents, printed or in manuscript, that bear on the history of Scandinavians in America. Not only is there danger that much invaluable material shall be lost, but the investigator at present is baffled and discouraged by the difficulty of using materials scattered all over the country and often imperfectly catalogued.

Fortunately this important work has been taken in hand by an organization which is, in every way, equipped to carry it out successfully, namely the Minnesota Historical Society. A splendid fire-proof building has just been erected in St. Paul by the State, for the purpose of the Society. The superintendent, Dr. Justus Solon Buck, has announced that the organization will specialize in building up a library of Scandinavian-American material. As a nucleus it has acquired, through the coöperation of the University of Minnesota, an extensive private collection of pamphlets, books, newspapers, and periodicals, formerly the property of Mr. O. N. Nelson. This has been arranged and catalogued and will be put in charge of a trained librarian familiar with the languages and history of Scandinavia. The Society ought to have the coöperation of all who possess or know of any old documents that will add to our knowledge of Scandinavian history in America.

**NONSENSE** The ignorance of Americans in regard to the Northern countries is greatly exaggerated by Scandinavian visitors to our shores. We hear from them the story of the American debutante who had a Great Dane dog but did not realize that Hamlet was a Dane, and the anecdote about the clerk in the State Department who addressed a packet to "Christiania, Sweden." Do these stock examples indicate more than that the layer of geographical knowledge is thin the world over, and that one searching for it must go a little deeper than ballroom belles and office boys? One who scans our newspapers during the war receives daily conviction from the mass of short cablegrams and long Sunday stories that Scandinavia is very much upon our political map. Among the college, literary, artistic, scientific, and tourist professions you will often discover really subtle valuations of the intellectual offerings which are the chief contribution of the Northern countries. At this writing, the weekly magazines are spread before us. In one of them, *The Nation*, a journal of only a few pages, we see at least three pertinent passages. The first

is an editorial about Sweden's lost Baltic provinces. The second is an appreciative note about a recent book by Professor Christopher Nyrop of the University of Copenhagen entitled *Is War Civilization?* The third is a long review of Ibsen's *The Wild Duck* on the New York stage.

**HOLBERG THE  
ENGLISH MIND**

The Norwegian Holberg scholar, Viljam Olsvig, spent several weeks this spring as a tourist in America. The sum impression to be derived from Mr. Olsvig's life researches in Holbergiana is that Holberg was in spirit an Englishman. That the influences of his student residence at Oxford are not more obvious in his works may be explained by the argument that this world genius was not the imitator but the peer of the Englishmen with whom his creative mind associated. His fresh, forward-looking English ideals wrestled with the gloomy tradition-worship of German thought. He opened up the windows of Denmark and Norway and gave their sombre schoolrooms a Western exposure. Is not Holberg, like Shakespeare, as much an historical epoch as an author—the purest spiritual force in the North in the eighteenth century? He who has been named "The Molière of Denmark" may some day be rechristened *The Englishman of Scandinavia*.

**THE REVIEW**

The Friendly Aid Campaign officially closed on March 30. It is hoped that the late returns now rapidly coming in will round out the full number of 4,000 new associate subscribers and enable us to report complete success in our next number.

The editors have in preparation numerous articles of vital interest, among them: a constructive essay pointing out the possibilities for American trade with the North after the war; a presentation of both sides in the Finnish struggle; an analysis of the Young Socialists in Scandinavia and their part in a world-wide movement; an interpretation of Holberg as an intellectual link between Scandinavia and England in his time. A South Jutland Number is being prepared by authorities in Europe. The National Service Number will be what its name implies—a record of service, primarily of that rendered America by citizens of Scandinavian blood.

A later issue will contain an account of the very successful lectures and other work of the president of the Foundation, Professor Schofield, in the "Scandinavian states" of the Middle West, where he is spending the spring months. Local societies of the Associates of the Foundation have been formed in Galesburg and Rockford, Illinois, and in Beloit, Wisconsin. A strong Wisconsin Council of the Foundation is to be organized at Madison.

## Current Events

### Norway

¶ The split in the Socialist party is deepening under the influence of the proletarian upheaval in Russia and Finland. It is estimated that about one-half of organized labor belongs to the radical wing which is led by Martin Tranmael and has for its organ *Klassekampen* ("Class War"), edited by Eugene Olaussen. Its programme calls for the confiscation of all food, the cessation of military drill, the closing of all industries not manufacturing the necessities of life, and the regulation of export and production by means of labor councils to be appointed by the various unions. ¶ *Socialdemokraten* warns its followers, the regular Socialists, against this form of labor dictatorship. Since no regulation or confiscation can create food out of nothing, it would only lead to the discredit of the Socialist party and very likely to its defeat at the polls in the autumn elections. ¶ Living conditions in Norway furnish a sinister background for the prophets of revolution. Expenses have risen on an average 110 per cent. since 1914. The reduced rations in force since the end of March allow each person 150 grams or about a pound and a half per day of breadstuffs, including flour, cereals, rice, beans, and peas. Some addition is made for those who do manual labor. It should be remembered that, even in normal times when meat is obtainable, Scandinavians are not meat-eaters, and that fresh vegetables are also scarce in northern latitudes. The workingmen, in particular, depend upon bread and butter with tea and coffee for at least two of their three meals. Now coffee is doled out in rations giving about one cup per day, while tea is almost unknown. For butter there is oleomargarine made of fish or whale oil. White bread is obtainable only upon the prescription of a physician. ¶ The Christiania Steel Works have secured government support for the establishment of a rolling-mill for the manufacture of steel plates to be used in ship-building and other industries. At the beginning of the new year, 125 ships were being constructed in Norwegian shipyards, and 98 others were contracted for. Most of these, however, were of wood, and averaged only about 240 tons. The construction of larger steel ships will be begun as soon as plates can be procured from Sweden or by home manufacture. ¶ The nickel works at Ringerike have been obliged to close for lack of fuel and will probably not be reopened during the war. The much larger nickel refining plant at Christiansand has not yet been put in operation since it was partly destroyed by fire. The manufacturers expect a government embargo on nickel. ¶ The rebuilding of the burned district in Bergen is proceeding very slowly.

## Denmark

¶ Denmark's new liberal constitution goes into effect with the general elections which have been announced for April and May. The Radical Zahle ministry has been in power since June, 1913, a longer time than any other Danish government except the notorious Estrup cabinet, which held office for nineteen years during the reign of Christian IX. In order to avoid a change of policy during the war, and yet insure a representation of all parties, three ministers without portfolio were appointed in August, 1916. They were Christensen, Liberal; Rottböl, Conservative; and Stauning, Socialist. The resignation of the two first-named means that the truce is ended, and the parties are ready for a trial of strength at the polls. ¶ The cessation of imports of raw materials from America and England has resulted in the closing of many factories. Efforts are made to relieve the sufferings of the unemployed by direct pecuniary help from the state and commune, amounting sometimes to as much as three-fourths of the usual wages. Large agricultural and building enterprises have been started both by the government and through private initiative in order to provide as many as possible with work. Several of the leading banks have together guaranteed the sum of 30,000,000 kroner as a loan to the communes for this purpose. In spite of all efforts, there were in January 40,000 persons out of work, 18,000 of these in Copenhagen. ¶ The situation has been used by the Syndicalists as an occasion for demonstrations against the government, the property-holding classes, and the "bourgeois" element of the Socialist party, which they accuse of being in league with the oppressors. A demonstration on January 29 was comparatively peaceful, though large numbers of unemployed took part. A more serious riot followed on February 11, when the mob broke into the stock exchange building, attacking the members, and smashing furniture and windows. The rioters were driven away after a pitched battle with the police. Among those arrested was Chr. Christensen, the editor of the Syndicalist organ, *Solidaritet*. The riots were the worst Copenhagen has experienced in the memory of men now living. In many of the cities of the provinces similar demonstrations took place. ¶ The cheap, well-cooked dinners of the communal kitchen in Copenhagen have proved so popular that the kitchen is being enlarged to serve 24,000 portions daily. ¶ The city of Copenhagen has spent over 25,000,-000 kroner for special poor relief in 1917. ¶ The East-Asiatic Company earned the gratitude of people in Denmark by sending the Diesel motor ship *Fonia* to Copenhagen with a load of delicacies from the Orient, including tea, sago, and rice, which were sold at prices barely covering the expense of transportation. It was meant for a Christmas ship, but was delayed till January.

## Sweden

¶ Early in February a small squadron under Commodore Åkerhjelm was sent to Mäntyluoto in Finland and returned crowded with refugees. Danes and Norwegians, as well as Swedes, were transported free of charge by the Swedish government. Naturally, the tales of horror they told increased the excitement in Stockholm, where many of the victims were well known. Even so pronounced a pacifist as Ellen Key was among those who petitioned the Swedish government for intervention. The extreme or Left Socialists, on the other hand, looked on the struggle as a part of the world-wide proletarian revolt against the oppressors' class and threatened a general strike if the government departed from its policy of "hands off" in Finland. In reply to their interpellation in the Riksdag, Prime Minister Edén stated that the government would refrain from armed intervention, and would continue to prohibit the exportation of or transit trade in arms across the border as well as the formation of auxiliary troops on Swedish soil. It would not, however, place obstacles in the way of individuals who wished to join the White Guard. ¶ A deputation from Åland, consisting of five members, headed by the mayor of Mariehamn, the only city in the archipelago, waited on King Gustaf, on February 2, with a monster petition signed by 7,000 people, begging to be taken back into the kingdom of Sweden. The king made a cautious reply to the effect that he hoped the matter could be amicably settled with a free Finland. ¶ The inhabitants of Åland had suffered so much from the cruelties perpetrated by the two thousand Russian soldiers, who were running wild over the islands, that the Swedish government finally decided to send a small police force to defend the helpless people. The expedition was authorized by the Riksdag against fifteen votes, representing, no doubt, the Left Socialist group, and the time limit of the occupation was set as March, 1919. In spite of the effective policing by Swedish troops, the Germans have now seized the islands without heeding the protests from Stockholm. The matter has caused both anger and apprehension in Sweden. Branting, according to an interview in the Paris *Temps*, warns his countrymen that Germany may possibly intend to offer them the islands on conditions that it would be dangerous to accept. He adds that Sweden will never consent to an alliance with the group of Baltic states under German influence. ¶ The speech from the throne at the opening of the Riksdag was remarkable chiefly for its frank acceptance of the coming revision of the constitution. The king spoke of the present times of stress as an incentive to "strengthen our people through extended political rights and through far-sighted social reforms." He mentioned woman suffrage and equality in the communal franchise as measures that would come up for consideration.

## S W E D E N

Strindberg · Lagerlöf

## N O R W A Y

Björnson · Ibsen

## D E N M A R K

Brandes · Drachmann

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## Brief Notes

Some recent addresses by the Secretary of the American-Scandinavian Foundation: February 25, Loyalty Meeting of Swedish-Americans at Hartford, Conn.; "Sweden and the War from the Point of View of Democracy." February 26, American Geographical Society, New York: "The Voyages of the Vikings." March 10, Jamestown, N. Y.: "Sweden and the War from the Point of View of Democracy." March 11, Kane, Pa.: the same. March 17, Intercollegiate Cosmopolitan Club, Columbia University: the same. April 1, Scandinavian Society of Philadelphia: "Scandinavia's Sons in the United States." April 11, Ethical Culture School, New York: "Vikings Past and Present." April 20, Swedish Colonial Society, Philadelphia: "The Voyages of the Vikings."

The Fiftieth Anniversary of the American Scandinavian Society of Philadelphia was celebrated on April 1 by an evening of speeches, banquet, and music. Loving cups, flags, and other souvenirs were presented by the various Scandinavian beneficial societies of Philadelphia which have sprung in the course of the years from the parent organization. The first president in 1868 was C. G. Grönbeck. The president for 1918 is William Jörgensen. William Weber was chairman of the anniversary committee. The hall was decorated with great American flags from the Navy Yard at Philadelphia. The banquet closed with a beautiful tableau representing Columbia rising from a group of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway in national costumes.

Edwin Björkman contributes an article in the February *Scribner's* on "Sweden's Position in the War." He emphasizes the anti-autocratic sympathies of the great unprivileged mass of Swedish people. Mr. Björkman has recently returned from Sweden, where he has been during a great part of the war. Two other articles by the same author appear in *The World's Work* for February and *Everybody's* for April. Mrs. Björkman contributes an article about Sweden in the *Delineator* for March.

The January number of the *Atlantic Monthly* has a lucid article by Christian L. Lange, General Secretary of the Interparliamentary Union, on "Scandinavian Cross-Currents." Mr. Lange groups his statements

under the heads: Anti-German Denmark, Pro-Ally Norway, Anti-Russian Sweden, and Scandinavian Co-operation.

The friends of the Foundation are now found in Asia, Africa, and Australia, besides Europe and America. From Melbourne we have recently received a number of reprints of articles on the Normans by a Norwegian, Mr. Henry Norman, who writes to convince the British of the great part which the Norwegians have played in their history.

The tenth volume of *Islandica* (1917) contains two Latin texts edited like its predecessors by Dr. Haldor Hermansson.

*The Wild Duck* was presented by Arthur Hopkins as the first in a series of Ibsen performances with Madame Alla Nazimova in the principal feminine roles. It was the first English performance of the play in New York and drew large audiences to the Plymouth Theatre during March and the first week of April. The acting throughout was of high artistic excellence. The revelation of Ibsen's powers as a comedian was perhaps its most striking feature.

Dr. Max Henius lectured under the auspices of the Danish Women's Civic League in New York on March 14. His subject, "Denmark, Past and Present," was treated in a delightfully original manner, and his illustrations were likewise a departure from the stereotyped views.

Weekly courses in modern Icelandic and Danish are being offered at Columbia University by Miss Holmfridur Arnadottir, who recently came to this country from Iceland to study our educational system.

The following books have been received: *The Utopian Way*, by John Veiby; *Walking Trips in Norway*, by N. Tjernagel; *Paa Kongevei* and *Flytfugl*, by Sigurd Folkestad; *Dikter*, by Axel Fredenholm, and *Krigs-og Fredsproblemer*, by Arnold Raestad. Among pamphlets received are: *The International Bearings of War*, by G. Th. Mejell, and *The Beginnings of the Norwegian Press in America*, by Albert Olaus Barton, published by the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.